North Avenue Review

Toni Larson 96

issue 31

North Avenue Review

"... To provide an open forum for a genuine exchange of ideas from every intellectual field."

Structure

The North Avenue Review is produced from a collection of ideas, stories, and art by Georgia Tech students, faculty, staff, and friends who have given freely of their time and dignity for this publication.

The views expressed herein are solely those of the individual contributors and are not intended to express the sentiments of the Georgia Tech community.

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All letters are welcome. Your letter will not be edited, so submit it as you wish it to be printed. You may request that your name be withheld from the letter, but nar must know who you are.

Contributions

We welcome all original contributions, including articles, essays, poetry, graphic materials, clip art, fiction, photographs, surveys, computer graphics, small items of interest, conspiracy theories, sheet music, recipes, chemical formulas, madcap hypotheses, prognostications (both psychic and earthly), reviews, dramas, artwork, new patent ideas, dissertations, proclamations and whatever else is adaptable to the printed page. Students, faculty, staff, alumni, and friends are invited to share ideas, opinions, expressions, and illusions.

Procedure

At NAR meetings throughout the quarter, all works are presented to the group for peer review. The editors (whoever happens to show up that day) then read all submissions, offering constructive criticism and advice. If an editor feels that a particular piece is unnecessarily inflammatory or obscene, he or she can bring the piece to the attention of the group for discussion. A submission can be excluded from NAR with a three-fourths vote against its publication. This provision is to prevent publishing items that might jeopardize NAR's existence. In practice we have never censored a final submission, although we welcome attempts for your piece to be the first. Attendance and participation by contributors is extremely important to allow feedback and comments—hopefully improving the quality of everyone's work.

Please submit texts either by email or on a Macintosh 3.5" disk, preferably formatted using Microsoft Word. We cannot type your piece for you unless it is very short. Please remove tabs and indentations, leave a line between paragraphs, and quote your sources appropriately. We greatly appreciate graphics to enhance your articles (these need not be on disk; just bring them with your submission).

Getting Involved

NAR needs your help! Everyone is welcome, regardless of literary or ideological pursuits. Meetings are often Thursdays around 9pm at Under The Couch.

UNDER
THE
COUCH

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An Open Letter to the Individuals Responsible for the Design of Georgia Tech's New Logo and Corporate Identity Scheme (revised version)

I am sitting in the smallest room in the house with the Presenting a New Look *brochure in front of me. Soon it will be behind me.*

I've several questions I'd love answers to, and to which answers have already floated around no doubt on Tech's newsgroups, but I've not had time to read Tech's news.

I've heard many complaints about the new logo design from several people. This letter will not address the capanile design in any great detail, with which I have little quarrel.

The type, on the other hand, is a problem. No, it's downright atrocious, and I will tell you why.

To begin with, it's Helvetica, which was a design that died in the seventies and has only lingered since then as a sad result of its having been bundled with most every operating system and laser printer made since the invention of Postscript.

On top of that, half of the logo is an outline version of Helvetica Heavy (or Helvetica Neue Heavy; they're in most respects identical). The foundry which owns the original Helvetica/Helvetica Neue designs is Linotype-Hell, which never released an outline version of Helvetica Heavy. Rather, the Heavy outline version is only available as a knockoff design, probably from Bitstream. It's also possible that the outline was created by hand in Illustrator or Freehand, but the point is the same: turn to the third page of the brochure and hold it at arm's length to look at the business card, as you would normally look at a business card. See the problem? Outline fonts are not designed for such small sizes. They become unreadable below 24 to 36 points.

As if that were not enough, the font is artificially extended. Rather than buying a proper extended version which would maintain consistent stroke width, the design team pulled out the stretch handle and artificially extended it.

Any typographer worth his salt can tell you that these decisions are unacceptable, and in the end result in something universally described as "ugly," though not everyone can put their finger on just why he or she finds it ugly.

Then there's the line "Home of the 1996 Olympic Village" set in a small Palatino Italic which has been artificially condensed. When Hermann Zapf designed the original Palatino in 1949, he also designed a book weight (known as Aldus, named after famous Italian printer Aldus Manutius) to be used at smaller sizes. The Palatino that you and I see bundled today with every Postscript printer made is not meant to be set at body text sizes; rather, it is a display font. The text on the business card, as well as the "Home of the 1996 Olympic Village" line above the logo should not be in Palatino unless it's over twelve point in size. In addition, the small caps are artificially scaled, and the numbers are not old style figures.

For the amount of money that Tech has spent commissioning this logo, they could have gone to a real type designer and commissioned a whole series of custom type designs and logos to fit Tech's image. The new logo design comes across as pitifully amateurish. It disregards readability altogether, and uses unsuited and outdated designs to culminate in an overall distasteful corporate identity scheme. The people paid to create that logo should not have been given that task in the first place.

Disappointed,

John Butler
Type Freak & General Nitpicker
fez@mindspring.com

The Other Side of the Olympic Story

-Gavin Guhxe

Well the Olympics are practically upon us, less then seventy days to be exact. Over two years ago I wrote an article for the Winter 94 issue of the NAR in which I took the stance of questioning the practicality of the Olympics. Two years later my opinion of the Olympics has definitely solidified into an attitude that the Olympics are not good for Atlanta.

First, I will discuss numerous but not well known facts concerning ACOG, otherwise known as the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games. ACOG is a quasi private organization which means that it is a private organization that acts like a public organization in that it can change laws and ordinances whenever it pleases without having to be held responsible by anybody. When the Olympics are over ACOG will be no more which means that any lawsuits/etc which are brought against ACOG can not be processed. Currently there is already one lawsuit that has been filed against ACOG to the tune of roughly fifteen to twenty million dollars[1] . There is a trial pending as to what institution will be liable for all lawsuits that are being filed as a direct result of the Olympics. I would like to note that it is very convenient with the current arrangement that there could be no organization to file charges against concerning Olympic related harms.

ACOG in conjunction with CAP (Central Atlanta Progress) has been able pass several very questionable ordinances. Those ordinances make it illegal to be in a vacant building, walk through a public parking lot if one does not own a car in it, or to panhandle. There are now new versions of two of the ordinances that both ACOG and CAP are trying to have replace the current ordinances as law. The first revisions concerns the parking lot ordinance. The new version will make it clearer as to what is illegal by stating that police have the right to arrest anyone that is caught stealing or acting suspiciously in a parking lot. At first glance the ordinance seems to be an improvement, but the new version also states that any suspect can be held in jail up to sixty days before being brought before a court. Such an ordinance is a direct infringement upon the basic rights of all Americans. It is our right to a speedy trial. In my opinion such an ordinance[2] will be used to lock up undesirables' (homeless) for the duration of the Olympics because it will allow the city to throw those individuals that are deemed as being undesirable into jail for the duration of the Olympics. The other revision concerns panhandling. CAP/ACOG want a revision which will make it illegal to panhandle within one hundred feet of a business or panhandle after dark. Such an ordinance will make it illegal for anyone to ask for money in the downtown district because everywhere is within one hundred feet of a business. It is a direct infringement of the first amendment. Everyone has the right to ask once for money. Once again this is another ordinance designed to get rid of undesirables (homeless).

In conjunction with these ordinances is the aspect of increased police presence downtown. CAP and ACOG have initiated their own private security force consisting of about sixty or so security guards. Such a force is in effect against the law. It is an private agency that is being used to enforce public law. It is not protecting any specific property, but is instead monitoring the whole downtown area and has the right to do whatever it pleases when confronted with due suspicion. There is no need for such an organization in terms of security. The downtown area is already covered by five different police forces (Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia State, AU Center, Marta) not including the numerous private security forces in place.

Other issues concerning ACOG involve whether or not the city really will be ready for the Olympics. The Olympic park is not scheduled to open until July 13th, a mere six days before the Olympics. In addition, the Centennial Park work schedule is dependent upon twentyfour work days, seven days a week and the hope that rainfall will be at an absolute minimum. The new Olympic Stadium is still not fit for habitation. According to numerous sources (AJC Local section the last Sunday of February), millions of dollars of work is needed in order for the stadium to be completed according to that article. However as is very evident, the stadium will be used and will be officially ready for use according to ACOG very soon. In my personal opinion, based on how much had to be done as of the end of February and the amount of money that would be required, I seriously doubt that the work that is required for long term use has been completed. There is the fact that Fulton County stadium will be torn down after the Olympics even though the city of Atlanta is still paying the mortgage for the current home of the Braves[3]. A parking lot will replace that stadium. The new Olympic Stadium was built on land that was supposed to be used for community redevelopment. Instead people who lived in the surrounding community (Summerhill, Mechanicsville) have been forced to move. According to the Public Housing Authority of Atlanta, about two thousand families have been evicted in order to make room for Olympic construction with no viable alternative housing even being proposed.

There are Habitat houses here and there but that does not even begin to cover the created housing deficit let alone cover the severe dearth of housing that already existed[4]. If there has been any development for neighborhoods it has consisted of making the neighborhoods look nicer but not creating any economic structure which will be able to sustain long term economic growth. At Techwood the current housing project is being torn down to be replaced by an mixed income neighborhood. It is being reduced from the current total of 1,193 households to 360 households within a 900 unit mixed-income development[5]. There have been no plans made concerning what will be done with the extra residents who can not find housing. In Summerhill an old lot that was used for a football field has been transformed into an track warm-up track. ACOG proudly calls that redevelopment. At the Atlanta University Center (Clark-Atlanta, Morehouse, Spelman) will be numerous venue sites. However those Universities can not afford the new stadium that has been built at Morehouse nor can they afford a field hockey field (incidently, are there any Southern Universities that have a use for a field hockey field????). What these schools do need is on campus student housing, but all the dorms are either being built for Georgia Tech or are going to Georgia State. Georgia Tech really does not need the numerous dorms that it has received, and will have a problem filling them with Tech students for a couple of years (Center Street apartments are currently mostly occupied by Atlanta College of Art Students). Georgia State never did want the dorms that it has acquired. So while schools that really do not want or need the dorms are getting new dormitories, other schools that are desperate for student housing are being left in the cold[6].

Those of us who have been living in Atlanta for the last couple of years can definitely remember that Atlanta is continually dubbed the homicide capital of America. During this same period of time is when the majority of families were displaced from their homes and are currently searching for new places to live. As per usual the solution offered was more police officers[7]. I maintain that based upon evidence concerning such massive displacement that occurred in the sixty's in Atlanta that the displacement of that many families is the real reason for the increased homicide rate (which has come back down). In the sixties a lower income but stable black neighborhood called ButterMilk Bottom was displaced (that area eventually became the Atlanta Civic Center and the home of Georgia Power). As a result of that displacement, 3,700 families had to uproot and move. Almost overnight the homicide rate in Atlanta practically tripled and within two years came back down to approximately the same level. Similar studies have shown similar reactions to urban renewal (or removal, whichever you prefer) in other cities across the country. What such studies show is that it is not more cops which are the crime prevention method, but that stable neighborhoods and communities are more effective at preventing crime.

Unfortunately, this is only a brief overview of what is happening, and what has happened in the city of Atlanta as a result of the Olympics. For more info feel free to call Empty the Shelters at 230-5000, extension 133. The vast majority of the info used for this article was published in the AJC at one time, and ETS can gladly point you to the sources.

[1] *The architect firm for the new Olympic Stadium are suing for overtime pay because the stadium had to be redesigned at least eleven times in order for the Olympics, Ted Turner, and the city of Atlanta to be satisfied with the design.*

[2] *In my opinion, the owner of the lot should be held liable for damages that happens to individuals cars that are park on it. As long as the lot is a charge lot, then there should be assurance that the car will be properly watched after.*

[3] *I would just like to point out how absurd it is for millions of tax dollars to be used so that private business (Ted Turner and those Braves) can make millions. With all the public investments taxpayers such as myself should receive massive ticket discounts, but hey then old Teddy could not make as much money now could he?*

[4] *The average wait for public housing is currently 3 or so years. There is a severe demand for low income housing which the city has been making little if any effort to meet.*

[5] *There is still no definite figure as to how each household will cost to rent.*

[6] *Which can lead to the accusations of institutional racism on the part of ACOG (GT/Georgia State are predominantly white, the AU Center is predominantly black) which are substantiated when the fact that the only reason why any Olympic Activity is happening at the AU Center is because those Universities threatened to file such an lawsuit against ACOG.*

[7] *Incidently, has anyone stopped to think about how more police officers is always the solution offered and yet more and more crime happens?*

Rachel's Game

-Siddharth Manay
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I took another shot, and slammed the shotglass, upside down, on the table. He winced at the noise. "Damn, woman; why do you insist on doing that?"

"Saw it in a movie once."

He reached across the table and took the glass. He then reached for the Jack, carefully filling the glass to the rim. He didn't drink it immediately; rather he sat and considered it.

I gazed through the heat and considered him as he sat staring at the glass. A drop of sweat rolled off his nose, splashing onto the table. Even though it had to have tickled, he ignored it; it would have broken the mood. He's always been too theatrical for his own good.

I suppose he was waiting for me to say something. I didn't have anything for him; though. My advice is too sparse, my experience too lacking, to have anything to say. I told him that, several times. I suppose he didn't want to believe it.

Finally I obliged him. "What are you waiting for? You want another mint julep?" We'd been making juleps, getting drunk while we talked, but after three each it got tedious. Rather than waste the time mixing drinks, we figured it'd be easier to take them straight.

"No."

"Then drink it, for God's sake, or I will."

He lifted the glass, carefully, as not to spill anything, then downed it.

Now it was his turn to say something. I already knew what he was going to say; I just wanted to see if he thought he had the balls to say it. I took the shotglass, filled it, then drained it, slamming it on the table.

He recoiled. "God Dammit!"

I got tired of waiting. "You're going to kill yourself, aren't you?" I know it seems odd to you, hearing me say that. What you don't realize is that it was the natural conclusion of the conversation. He'd been going on and on about how God-dammed miserable he was, and how life sucked, and how he didn't want to go on anymore. I've been in conversations like this before; I knew where he was going. I didn't want to hear about his romantic view of martyrdom. I just wanted to get the whole charade over with.

He just stared at me.

I poured another shot, and shoved it across the table at him. He absentmindedly downed the drink.

It was hot, admittedly; but he started sweating a lot more. A few seconds ago he just looked sticky. Now beads of sweat stood out on his shoulders and bare chest. He continued to stare at me.

"You've been thinking about killing yourself, haven't you?"

He considered the empty glass in his hands.

"Yes."

"So why are you telling me about it? Why don't you do it?"

"Thanks a lot."

"If you want sympathy, this is a childish way to go about it."

I watched his reaction, carefully, trying to decide if he really believed what he was saying. He didn't cast his eyes downward, the way he does when he's caught in a lie. Instead, his eyes were filled with a frightening determination.

Suddenly, it was obvious to me that he really believed all those silly romantic ideals. This was no charade. I had to do something.

After another full minute of silence, I said, "Jesus, you're spineless." I shoved my chair away from the table. It made a scraping sound on the wooden floor.

I strode from the room, bare feet thumping on the wood. He called after me, "What's that supposed to mean?"

I called, "I don't think you have the guts to do it."

When I came back, I dumped my arm load on the table: two Beretta's, two empty clips, and ten shells.

"Jesus, Rachel, where did you

get those from?"

"You knew about these. My dad's a cop, and his little girl's living alone in the big city. One of these goes in the nightstand, and the other in my purse." My shirt was sticking to my stomach and back. I pulled it off, over my head. "Christ, it's hot in here."

Tossing the shirt aside, I turned the chair around, loudly, and straddled it. I picked up the first clip and patiently began loading it.

Scott watched me for a few moments; I pretended not to notice, concentrating instead on the clip. The fan whirred contentedly above us.

He finally tore his eyes off of my sports bra and asked, "What good are they if you leave them unloaded?"

"My dad's an idiot. I'm more likely to kill myself loading these than I am to get mugged. I usually keep them locked in a drawer." I winked at him. "I pull them out only on special occasions." After placing the fifth shell in the first clip, I set it upright on the table and began working on the second one.

"Can I ask what you're doing?"

"Loading a clip, dumbass."

"Why?"

"Because you can't shoot yourself with an empty Beretta."

"Oh." He was silent while I finished the last clip. "Why two?"

"You've known me long enough to know that the only thing I hate worse than myself is life itself. I've wanted to kill myself several times. But I'm not near as proud as you are; I'm not afraid to admit that I don't have the courage to do it-"

"I can do it."

"Sure. That's why you're sitting here, talking to me." I set the second clip on the table, and looked him in the eye. "I'm not too proud to admit that I lack the courage. But now we can help each other. We'll go together."

"I don't need you. I can do it myself."

"Bullshit." I snatched a Beretta off the table, along with one of the clips. I slammed the clip into place, and then tugged on the slide. It fell back with a satisfying 'click'. I held it out to him, by the barrel. "You don't have the balls."

He was still.

"Look, do you want to die or not?"

He took the gun, almost defiantly, and placed it against his temple. I glared at him. "You idiot. You to that, you'll miss your brain and blow your eyes out." I grabbed the gun from him and held it under his chin. Grabbing his hand and placing it on the grip, I growled at him, "Do it right."

"I thought you were going to do it, too."

"'Do it'? You don't even have the balls to say it, do you? You're not going to 'do it', you're going to fucking kill yourself. Say it. Say, 'I want to kill myself. I want to die.' Say it."

"I want to kill myself."

"You don't sound convinced."

"Don't piss me off."

"What're you going to do, shoot me?"

He didn't answer. He continued to hold the gun shoved up under his chin, painfully digging into his skin. His face was glistening, streams of sweat running down his checks and forehead. I could feel sweat running down my face and back, tickling me. I didn't let it show, though. It would have ruined the mood.

"What are you waiting for, Christmas?"

He glared at me.

I held his other hand in mine, lovingly. "Are you scared?"

His eyes narrowed.

"It's okay to be scared," I cooed. "It's to be expected. But whatever you do, don't doubt yourself. What you're doing is right. Life is a bitch. There is no reason to continue. You won't be missed, either. No one loves you. Your family doesn't love you. Your friends don't love you. God doesn't love you. And most of all, I don't love you."

There was the feel of metal hitting bone, and I found myself sprawled on the floor. My head hurt. I touched my hand gingerly to my chin; when I looked at my fingers, they were bloody.

"Are you angry?" He stood at

the table, fist clenched on the Beretta's grip, head bowed. His dark hair fell over his eyes.

"Are you angry?" I asked again. "Good. Use it. If you want to die, then now's the time. Don't waste the adrenaline." I pulled myself slowly to my feet. "Don't think. Just pull the trigger."

"I hate you."

"Fine, because I hate you too. You're a sniveling, spineless, selfish son-of-a-bitch. You hate me? Then shoot me first, and then kill yourself." I sat in my chair again, straddling the back. He was looking at me, watching my eyes.

"You'd better sit down before you fall down." He did, slowly.

I poured a shot of Jack. Sliding the glass towards him, I took a swig from the bottle. I drew the back of my arm across my chin, wiping away the blood, sweat, and whiskey.

"I don't think you want to kill yourself. You don't know what death is, and you don't have the balls to want something you don't understand.

"Let me tell you about death. She's a cruel mistress, and a bad lay at that. You don't want her. When death comes to your doorstep, you'll learn to fear her. Only when you experience death up close and personal will you stop flirting with her." And only by bringing death close enough for him to see, to feel, but not to touch, would he be convinced that life was what he wanted.

"Now stop whining," I continued. "stop telling me stories, and stop fucking around with that gun. And get the hell out of my house."

Glaring at me, he placed the barrel of the gun in his mouth, upside down, as far in as he could.

I forced myself to laugh quietly. "If you're going to pull the trigger to prove a point, then you're stupid. And if you think I'll be impressed, you're a complete dumbass. Now stop playing games with me, and get out of here."

He didn't move. His eyes remained set, cold and hard; his will wasn't broken yet. I had to push him further.

"You really think you want to die, don't you?" I smiled at him, my most contemptuous, hateful smile. "Well, if you insist on playing games, then walk away from these childish theatrics and lets you and I play a real goddamn game."

I picked up the second Beretta, shoved the clip into place, chambered it, and set it on the table, grip towards him. I reached across and pulled the gun from his mouth. The foresight knocked against his teeth loudly. Picking up my shirt from the floor, I wiped his spit off the barrel.

"Did you think you were in danger?" I held the gun up sideways for him to see. "You forgot the safety, little one." I gave him another one of my smiles; his eyes flashed to the gun on the table.

I saw where he was looking. "Pick it up. Do you think you can kill me? I hope you're right — for your sake.

"The rules of the game are simple." I brushed the gun's safety with my thumb. "I'm going to shoot you, right between the eyes." I extended my arm until the tip of the gun's barrel was resting against his forehead. "There are two ways for you to prevent this from happening. You can shoot yourself, " - with my other hand, I reached across the table and flipped the other gun's safety off - "or you can shoot me." I stared at him, looking at him from under my brow.

His breath hitched, once, then twice. "You bitch," he breathed. "You're crazy."

"No. I'm suicidal, amoral, and drunk off my cute little ass."

He swallowed, with quite a bit of difficulty.

I went on. "But I'm not crazy. I'm doing one of us a favor. We both want to die, right? This way, at least one of us gets our wish. So choose: you or me?"

There was a long silence. The fan was whirring louder now.

"It's so hot." I brushed the sweat from my eyes, and then pulled a plastered lock of hair off of my forehead. "And too quiet." My arm hadn't wavered.

I reached for the CD player's remote. I had to stretch painfully to get it, but it was just within reach. I didn't take my eyes off of him.

"This game needs some music. Like hot potato," I grinned playfully. From memory I activated the CD changer, and then cycled through the tracks. My thumb poised over the play button, I said, "When the music stops, I pull the trigger.

"Oh, if you're planning to wrestle the gun from my hand or something equally heroic, remember this: my dad's a cop. He taught me how to shoot, and how to shoot well." The grin was still on my face. "And the only thing the he taught me better than marksmanship was karate. I've kicked your ass enough times for you to know that I'm not lying."

The smile dropped from my face. I gave him a stone cold stare. "If you think this is a bluff, then go ahead and fuck with me."

I hit 'play'.

I hurt myself today
To see if I still feel
I focus on the pain
The only thing that's real
The needle tears a hole
The old familiar sting
I try to kill it all away
But I remember everything.

He swallowed again. "You're nuts. You're not going to do this." He was doing a remarkable job of keeping his voice steady.

I didn't reply.

"All that stuff you said. About being afraid of death. That's how you feel. You're too scared to do this. You won't pull that trigger, not even if I were to reach for my gun." His eyes flickered to the table again.

What have I become?
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know
Goes away in the end
You could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

With my left hand, I reached for the shotglass, still full from when I had poured a drink a few minutes ago. I tossed the contents into my mouth, and then begin fumbling for the bottle.

Without taking my eyes off of him, I poured myself another, spilling half the contents of the bottle onto the table. I downed it, and slammed the glass loudly on the table. He jumped in his chair; his hand went for the gun instinctively.

He stopped himself, his hand remaining motionless in midair.

I wear my crown of shit
On my liar's chair
Full of broken thoughts
I cannot repair
Beneath the stain of time
The feeling disappears
You are someone else
I am still right here

One more push. "Do you think I'm not capable? Then you don't know the power of hatred. I hate you. I hate you for who you are, and what you stand for. And I hate you for what you've done to me. You've used me, and you've sucked the life out of me, and nailing your sorry ass to the wall wouldn't bother me one fucking bit.

"So you'd better kill me... or you'll die."

What have I become?
My sweetest friend
Everyone I know
Goes away in the end
You could have it all
My empire of dirt
I will let you down
I will make you hurt

We both sat there, without shirts and motionless. His hand hadn't moved, not an iota. Nor had mine. His hair was soaked, and plastered to his forehead. If he were to shake his head, droplets of sweat would have gone flying everywhere.

I could feel sweat stinging my eyes. My denim shorts were sticking to my thighs. Worse, my hand was getting slippery, and my arm hurt like hell, and my lip felt numb, and I was dizzy from hitting my head.

But my hand didn't waiver, and I didn't let myself blink.

If I could start again
A million miles away
I would keep myself
I would find a way

His hand flashed across the table. Even though I didn't hear it, I saw the muzzle flash five times; then the chamber flew open.

They were badly placed shots. The wounds would prove fatal, in time; but not one of them was instantaneous.

I slid out of my chair. He rushed around the table to me, looking horrified. His eyes flickered to my gun; he said, "Your safety was on."

I smiled up at him.

"I won; you'll live."

-lyrics ©1994 Trent Reznor

How Do I Know You Are Wrong?

-Oscar Boykin

Time is short, shorter than most think. Before I know it I will be dead, or sooner yet (I hope) graduated. The point is, think of things sooner rather than later. There is no time like right now to wipe away a little classical prejudice from your mind. I do not just mean standard racial prejudices. I mean the ones that make us all think that our human intuition is an excellent resource in helping us determine the correctness of ideas, or a tool that we may use to discover truth. This could hardly be further from the case. I do not mean to imply that humans are incapable of logic. Though I rarely see good examples of it, humans, most notably mathematicians, are in fact capable of determining truth after making enough of assumptions. I mean by assumptions if I tell you that one plus one is two and multiplication by two is to add something to itself, then you can tell me that it is true that one multiplied by two is two. I am getting ahead of myself, first I will examine failures of human intuition, then I will move to how a human should judge for truth.

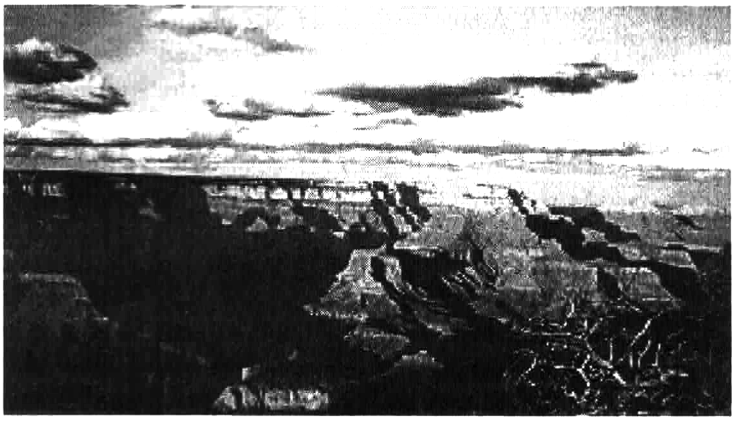
It is generally agreed that Einstein was an intelligent man. He authored one of the strangest theories in modern physics. His theory, general relativity, describes gravity as curvature in a space and time hybrid called space-time instead of the forces that many are used to from freshman physics. That would be four dimensional and that is the source of people making references to the "fourth dimension." At any rate, when Relativity was published in 1915, a large number of people, physicists and others, knew that it had to be wrong. The New York Times letters to the editor around that time has many letters from people explaining why Einstein must be incorrect. Explanations for why his theory should be disregarded ranged from accusations of ignorance and carelessness to simple anti-Semitism, rarely did they make reference to the science or math in the theory. A book appeared about that time with the title "100 Authors against Einstein." Einstein retorted that if he was wrong, it would only take one. Eighty years later Relativity is well accepted as the model for large scale gravitation (like in solar systems and galaxies). Why did so many reject Relativity? Well, I have only given you half the story with Relativity. It also predicts that gravity makes clocks slow down, and measuring rods shrink. Going fast will do that too apparently, (like near light's speed). Now I am sure most readers are agreeing with those hundred authors. Fortunately Relativity is not debated much any more. That is mostly because atomic clocks on planes have measured that time does slow down, solar eclipses have allowed us to see stars in the wrong place due to that curvature of space-time, and other assorted experiments have agreed with the theory. Until anyone performed experiments it was impossible to know if the theory would agree with measurements. Even after a few of experiments had been done, and the results implied that Einstein was not pulling our legs, many people continued to assert that it was just wrong. The simple fact is that for primates like me it is very hard to believe that if I go fast I get heavy and my watch goes slower and I shrink up. It is hard to believe that black holes could have radii one hundred times larger than their circumference since all circles that I have met have a circumferences exactly 6.28... times as large as their radius.

I have got to admit to myself sooner or later that just because a scientific or philosophical idea does not match what I have seen while looking for food and a mate does not mean that it is wrong. In fact, my instincts and natural intuition seem quite poor considering how strange most of physics seems to me.

I have been picking on physics because it is an easy target. Physics has theories that make predictions that are generally easily testable. My human instincts are certainly just as poor with chemistry, biology or any subject with sufficiently complex ideas. Actually the world is full of complexities. Economics and the weather are some more nice examples of subjects that seem poorly suited for human intuition to predict, but for a different reason. In fact, economics and the weather are examples of nonlinear systems (a fancy name that mostly means solutions are hard to come by) and are full of instabilities. When I mean instabilities, I mean that the fate of the system is similar to trying to rest a BB on top of a bowling ball, it might stay there, but if someone breathes wrong that thing is going somewhere that I will not be able to predict a whole lot a head of time. This is unfortunate for those that like to predict things. It means that the reason we can't predict the weather far in advance has more to do with the fact that if we get it the initial temperatures and pressures (and other environmental variables) wrong, our calculations will be really wrong in no time. Even supercomputers can only get it right even a short time in advance. It is safe to say that it will require an enormous breakthrough in computing and measurement to predict the weather two months in advance, and in actuality a modern four day forecast is really pushing it. Have you ever compared those things to what actually happens? Economics has this same property. With all the money that could be made if the economy could be accurately predicted, it is no surprise I am sure that people try hard to do so. Unfortunately for would be trillionaires, not only are many variables, but the economy is extremely sensitive to it's conditions when it is deciding what to do next. Again, a slight inaccuracy in our model would grow exponentially fast, therefore our short term models are going to have to do.

What does it all mean? Are humans incapable of understanding anything? Can we not predict things accurately? Of course it is not that extreme, but the point is, humans are good at a few things, and mediocre a lot more. We should be nervous about our predictions when prejudices are involved, prejudices of any sort. If I think that sunny days are great, I may expect the weather to turn out sunny more often than I should. Well, what are humans good at? That is a matter that could be debated for a while, but I would say two main things: throwing things at objects (moving and otherwise) and drawing conclusions from data given to them. We do both of those things a lot better than most animals do. The trick with the second human skill is that we often need to take baby steps in order to trust our conclusions. When a math problem is posed to me, (data is given) I am likely to come up with an incorrect solution if I jump right to the answer. I, like many humans, like to break problems down to bite sized chunks so that I might actually get something done. Most problems are too big for me to jump right to the answer. I bet Einstein took a lot of little steps when he was coming up with that crazy theory of his. Each of them probably made sense and was not incredibly hard to come up with. People tend to put two and two together and not 284065628 and 97840352 together. But if Einstein made a lot of little steps that didn't seem crazy, how is it his final theory was so crazy? This might be best answered by looking at the first things humans are good at.

I am not terribly good at hitting things with rocks compared to most humans. Often I will miss the target by a foot or two. However, I do much better than squirrels do (as far as I know). Even a bad human is pretty good at estimating the path of falling objects like rocks and basketballs. Lucky thing that the first physics that was done was very concerned with falling objects, one of our human specialties. For the most part everything is just what your average human would expect. You may want to cite that Galileo said that all objects fall at the same rate, but the church said that heavy objects fall faster, then I would say that they were both right. All objects are accelerated by gravity at the same rate, but objects are not resisted by air equally. The result is that certain objects, generally heavier or denser, fall faster than light things like feathers. So the human expectation that heavy objects fall faster than light ones is actually correct in the places we are used to, but not in outer space. So physics got to start off studying a human niche: predicting the falling object. This beginning had the psychological effect on physicists that the entire universe should be similarly understandable. This worked mostly right up until Einstein. When people studying light thought that if light was a wave, as it appeared to be, it must be a wave in something. The medium for light was called ether. This was a good human idea. I have seen waves before, I know that they always show up in water. There must be something for light if it is a wave. That may have been the first blow to the physicist philosophy that the universe be completely understandable. The findings were that light was both a wave and a particle (like one of those weird side weighted balls? No.) and that there was no medium for it to go through. A host of other "horrible" news came in: we can't go as fast as we want, we can't know exactly where something is and how fast it is going, some things seem to happen for no good reason, and even simple things like pendulums can be impossible to predict far in advance. The physicist realized that in all the places humans see and walk around in and live, things happened just how you would expect. In places that we can never look at with our eyes and touch and play with, like the center of galaxies and hydrogen nuclei, down right wacky things are apt to happen. Physicists have given up on the idea that everything should be obvious and understandable. Why hasn't everyone?



Eating lunch in the student center last fall, I met a freshman that had some unorthodox suggestions about how to conquer chaos. This young man was unwilling to accept that actions could have totally unpredictable consequences. His suggestion to physicists is to use more variables. I am not sure if he really knew where these extra variables would come from or even what he meant: if two coupled pendulums are chaotic when you keep track of the position and velocity, can it really be easy predictable if we include the color of the pendulum in our calculations? Speaking of extra variables, many people who "know" that Quantum Mechanics, with its random events, cannot be correct, suggest that there may be extra variables that would help predict those random unpredictables. That is a better suggestion than what we got from our Tech freshman, but experiments have shown that if these variables exist then they are random, which would make them rather useless for us, or perhaps very chaotic, again that is going to seriously limit our ability to make detailed predictions. What does our Tech freshman and our quantum mechanical Doubting Thomas say have to say now? Nothing new usually. Both of them have failed to accept that there are things that humans can create in baby steps with math (or physics or biology or anything) that in the end seem profoundly unbelievable, yet are nevertheless accurate pictures of our universe and resulted from very reasonable tiny steps.

Is the Theory of Evolution one such complicated, and for some, unbelievable theory? It says that with a few simple ideas, like survival of the fittest and genetic mutation, that we can get all manor of animal life from the evolution of one cell organisms. Unfortunately, evolution, and many theories, are not as easily tested as some cited from physics. One thing is certain, Evolution is definitely in the company of Relativity and Quantum Mechanics as theories that a large number of people disbelieve for some reason despite the fact that most experts in the field buy the theory. What makes a person take stands against rational, if unproved, ideas about the world? These ideas generally come from those that think about things a great deal and for a long time. How can the layman say that in a certain case, the expert has got to be wrong? What the layman "knows" is that if it doesn't make sense to your average human with decent common sense, it must be wrong.

It seems that the world is full of unpleasant truths. We know that we cannot predict the weather on my birthday and it is only a month away. That is unpleasant if only mildly so. To some the idea that somehow we share a common ancestor with chimpanzees is unpleasant. Maybe we do, maybe we do not, but I bet my prejudices and my general inability to skip right to the answer should tell me that any statement I make concerning Evolution should be based on the little parts of the theory and not the end part. If the little parts make sense, the result, however unpleasant, I cannot reject on the grounds that it is not beautiful in my eyes. I cannot throw out Quantum Mechanics because I do not like that electrons make Quantum Leaps in between "shells" in atoms. I cannot throw out Relativity because I do not like the fact that if I go fast I will have more mass. I cannot through out Christianity because I do not like the idea of hell. I must consider the components, I must examine it in baby steps.

On a Day Like Today

-Siddharth Manay
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It's not cold outside, not really, not today - but it is cloudy, and it rained for a few brief moments. It's one of those days that greets you in the morning with a quiet hatred; you wake up and suddenly you're overwhelmed. Days like today are the type that put me in a mood - and not just any mood, but a curl-up-in-a-tight-little-ball-under-your-comforter-and-just-f*cking-stay-there mood. It's days like these, and often on the sunny days in between, that I wonder why I put up with it.

It's on days like today that I spend a lot of time looking for answers. I don't claim to be a pessimist, but nor do I claim to be an optimist. If I had to choose, I'd say that I was both; sometimes I can stand up and kick life in the ass, and sometimes I stand up and get kicked. Very yin-and-yang, or whatever..

But to me, that doesn't sound like an answer. That's a sometimes acceptable - and sometimes not - explanation of what's going on, but not *why*.

Do you ever do that? Do you ever ask why? ...I refuse to believe that you don't.

I mean, why do I do it? Why does anyone do it? Why do *you* do it? Why do you wake up every day, and go to work at whatever it is you do, and then come home at night and go back to sleep? What purpose can there possibly be in such an absolutely ridiculous cycle? It's so incessant, and so mindless... so what's the point?

I look around, and I feel surrounded by people who never ask these questions. I look at them and wonder why they are silent. What have they seen, or found, that I haven't? Is it an answer? A purpose? God? No, maybe not God - only because I've had Christians cry in my arms for the same reasons that I'm in tears now. But if not Him, then what?

These are the questions I have, the answers I seek, on days like today. Do you seek these answers, too? Or worse, do you fear that there *are* no answers? Then come, sit with me; I have a story for you.

◊◊◊

It was not long ago that a few good friends took me for a visit to an island in the clouds. Up on a nearby mountain, we stood surrounded by nothing more than air. There were valleys and mountains around us, maybe, and a small detached corner of my brain told me that reality lay beyond those valleys, possibly; but they were all so far away that they simply didn't matter. Despite our planning and our wishing, we ended up on this island on a day like today - gray and occasionally raining. I feared what would happen; how could I - or anyone - possibly enjoy themselves on such a dreary day? The clouds were blocking our view, and we got rained on, briefly. Those of us foolish enough not to wear raingear got wet.

And it was beautiful.

You looked off into the distance, and all you could see was an unending gray. But, for some reason, you didn't feel that your vision was blocked - you felt like you were looking out into infinity, the same feeling you get when looking over an expanse of ocean.

Even when the shower was over, the clouds never cleared - not completely. It didn't matter. In the following hour there were sunbeams spilling into the valleys around us, and flirtatious glimpses of a perfect blue sky through the gaps in the overcast, and clouds racing like clipperships across the sky. There was sunlight reflected off of distant lakes, and the most refreshing breeze - strong and pure and refreshing. There were children laughing and making jokes, running and twirling around like tops, arms out and face skyward. All on a dreary, cold, wet, hateful day like today.

◊◊◊

Up on that island, tucked away in the clouds, I felt that there was hope. Out of that paradox came a feeling that there *has* to be an answer. I'll be damned if I know what that answer is; but for now, just knowing that it is there is enough for me.

And look - even as we speak, the sun is peeking through the clouds.

Hell

Chapter 4

-Julia Eaton

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Carolyn stood frozen in the middle of the empty room. It still felt like the cobwebs were on her arms and legs and in her mouth, but she knew that they weren't anymore. At least in her head she knew. Her body didn't believe it yet. The room was empty again and the door was sitting open, encouraging her to leave.

"I don't think I like this," she said out loud to the empty room. The door swung a bit from a slight breeze.

"I don't think I like this," she said again, then raising her voice, "Do you hear me? I don't fucking like this!"

Carolyn sighed and walked up to the door. She thought she heard footsteps and rushed to look around the corner of the doorway. She caught sight of a man in an old brown suede jacket going through a black door.

"Jonah!" she yelled as loudly as she could.

The door stopped mid close and Jonah's head appeared from behind it. He blinked a couple times to adjust his eyes to the dark, then smiled.

"Carolyn? Come in here! It's really cool!" Jonah yelled to her, gesturing for her to join him.

Carolyn paused for a moment, staring at Jonah, "How do I know you're not a hallucination?"

"What?" Jonah looked confused for a moment, then seemed to figure out what she meant, "Oh, I'm not! Come on, this is really great! You'll like it!" Carolyn cautiously walked out into the hallway, then rushed across the floor to the doorway where Jonah stood. He looked exactly as he had when they'd stood in line together to get in. The difference, she noticed, was that unlike Brad or Janice, he was wearing the same black glasses that she had strapped to her head.

"These rooms are intense, aren't they?" Jonah put his arm over Carolyn's shoulder as she walked into the doorway.

"Yea," Carolyn shuddered a little, "I'm not sure I like them that much."

"Well, you can relax for a bit. I read about this room in an article in Wired. I guess they have a few of these rooms scattered around in here. It's kind of a way to take a break from the other rooms," Jonah walked into the room, confidently. Carolyn felt comforted by his sense of self-assuredness.

"What exactly is it?" Carolyn looked around the room they'd just entered. It was a plain, rather empty room with a large, red velvet couch on one wall and a long brown couch made of a material which looked like felt, on the other wall. Something you might find from decades ago, stored in the corner of your parent's basement.

Sprawled out on the velvet couch was a thin blond man, reading a copy of Musician magazine. His ratty hair fell in his face and a lit cigarette hung limply from his skinny fingers. Next to him, curled up like a small blond cat, was a woman dressed all in black. She had small black, round glasses perched on the end of her nose and her lips were parted slightly, relaxed from being in a deep sleep.

"It's the music industry room," Jonah explained, then gesturing to the far wall, "You see that red curtain? I guess you go through there and you're right in the middle of a huge cocktail party with all the dead musicians through the centuries that you could ever wish to meet."

Carolyn nodded, not quite sure what she thought yet. The blond boy looked up at them, his blue eyes piercing through his matted hair. He lifted the cigarette slowly to his pale lips, inhaled deeply, then exhaled a river of smoke in front of him. The smoke wafted up into Carolyn's face causing her to let out a small cough.

"Hi," Carolyn said.

Jonah made a face and turned his head away from the smoke.

“Hey,” the boy answered, his eyes still expressionless and still fixed on Carolyn as though he were unaware that she might care he was staring.

“I'm Carolyn,” she extended her hand to the boy. He looked down at it slowly, then put the cigarette in his mouth and reached up to grasp her hand.

MOTHER JULIA. PALM & CARDS READER
ADVISOR

“I'm a dead rock ‘n roll star,” he said, squinting from the smoke of the cigarette dangling from his lip.

“So I hear,” Carolyn replied, letting go of his hand.

“You want a smoke?” he asked.

Carolyn shook her head. He gestured to Jonah who also shook his head. The boy shrugged and resumed reading his magazine.

The girl next to him groaned and lifted her head. She squinted her eyes up at Jonah as the black glasses fell off her nose. Her straight blond hair fell into her eyes, and she blew some of it out of her mouth.

“John?” she whispered hoarsely.

“No, just some tourists,” the blond boy said impatiently, “Go back to sleep, Nico.”

“What's behind that red curtain?” Carolyn asked the blond man.

He looked up at her as though he were surprised she was still in front of him, “Go through it and find out,” he said hoarsely, followed by a cough, then another long drag of his cigarette.

“Yea, come on,” Jonah started to walk across the room towards the curtain, “Let's go check it out!”

Carolyn hesitantly followed him over to the curtain. Then watched him as he excitedly pulled it back and walked into a giant auditorium filled with people. There were tables covered in white silk tablecloths, huge crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling, and huge crystal goblets filled with different types of wine.

David and Fred both shook Jane's hand as they were leaving and politely thanked her for her time. Fred's head still hung down low and his shoulders were slumped from the emotional exhaustion. David, looking impatient to leave, was walking a few steps ahead.

It wasn't that he consciously didn't have sympathy for Fred's discomfort, it was more that he was disappointed not to find some sort of scandal. To David, this was just another one of San Francisco's trendy clubs where shock value and an inane sense of individuality was it's main attraction.

Fred stopped just outside of Jane's office door and looked up at David, ten feet ahead of him. Something was just not resolved for him. Fred turned around and put his hand on the door, stopping Jane just as she was about to close it.

“You know,” Fred said, his voice strained from exhaustion, “I think I have some more questions.”

Jane stood calmly at the door, apparently unphased by the abrupt change in plans. “OK, come back in then,” she said, backing up and opening the door wide for Fred to enter.

“David!” Fred strained his voice to shout,” David! Hold up! I have some more questions to ask her!”

David stopped walking and sighed deeply. He turned and slowly walked back to Jane's office. He wished for a moment he could just leave Fred behind. These places did nothing but irritate him. He didn't want to waste anymore of his time when there was obviously no crime being committed or safety code being broken. Jane's were framed and hung behind her desk along with her certificates of degree from MIT. There was no mystery, no scandal, just another club for kids to pay too much money to get into.

Fred immediately walked over to the chair in front of Jane's desk and sat down. Jane took her time walking over to her chair behind her desk. She sat down slowly and pushed the chair up to the desk, squirming a bit to make herself comfortable. She took another cigarette from the drawer and lit it, casually taking a long drag.

"What is this place about?" Fred leaned forward and demanded of Jane.

She looked at him, calmly, watching the shakiness of his hands, which were pressed firmly and tensely against the top of the desk, "What do you mean, Mr. Costello? Didn't Donny give you a tour?"

"Yes, he gave us a tour," Fred snapped, "And he gave us a demonstration. and I'll be totally honest with you. I don't know what the fuck that was all about. It was terrifying! It was absolutely repulsive!"

"It's Hell," Jane said nonchalantly, "It's supposed to be terrifying and repulsive. What else did you expect?"

"Why?" Fred felt flustered and as though Jane was purposely not answering him directly, "Why would you even create a place like this? What's the point? Isn't there enough shit in the world as it is, without making entertainment just as terrifying and just as violent?"

"Is this off the record?" Jane leaned forward so her face was directly in front of Fred's.

"Yes, it's fucking off the record!" Fred snapped, sitting back in his chair, but still returning Jane's gaze unflinchingly.

"Fred, come on," David looked up from where he was sprawled on the couch, "We're still on duty. We don't have time for this. Let's go!"

"Not till she tells me why she has to go and create a place like this!" Fred did not take his gaze off of Jane's staring eyes.

"I didn't create what you saw," Jane said calmly, putting her hand on Fred's head, "I told you how it works. It came right out of your own head. I can't be held responsible for what you imagine."

Fred shook his head and Jane let her hand drop back onto the desk. She sat back in her chair and smirked at Fred, taking another long, deliberate drag off of her cigarette.

"You can't hold me responsible for what you see in there. You're the one that made it all up. You do - as they say - create your own Hell."

"That's bullshit!" Fred shook his head, "I wouldn't dream up something like that. I especially wouldn't make myself see something like that!"

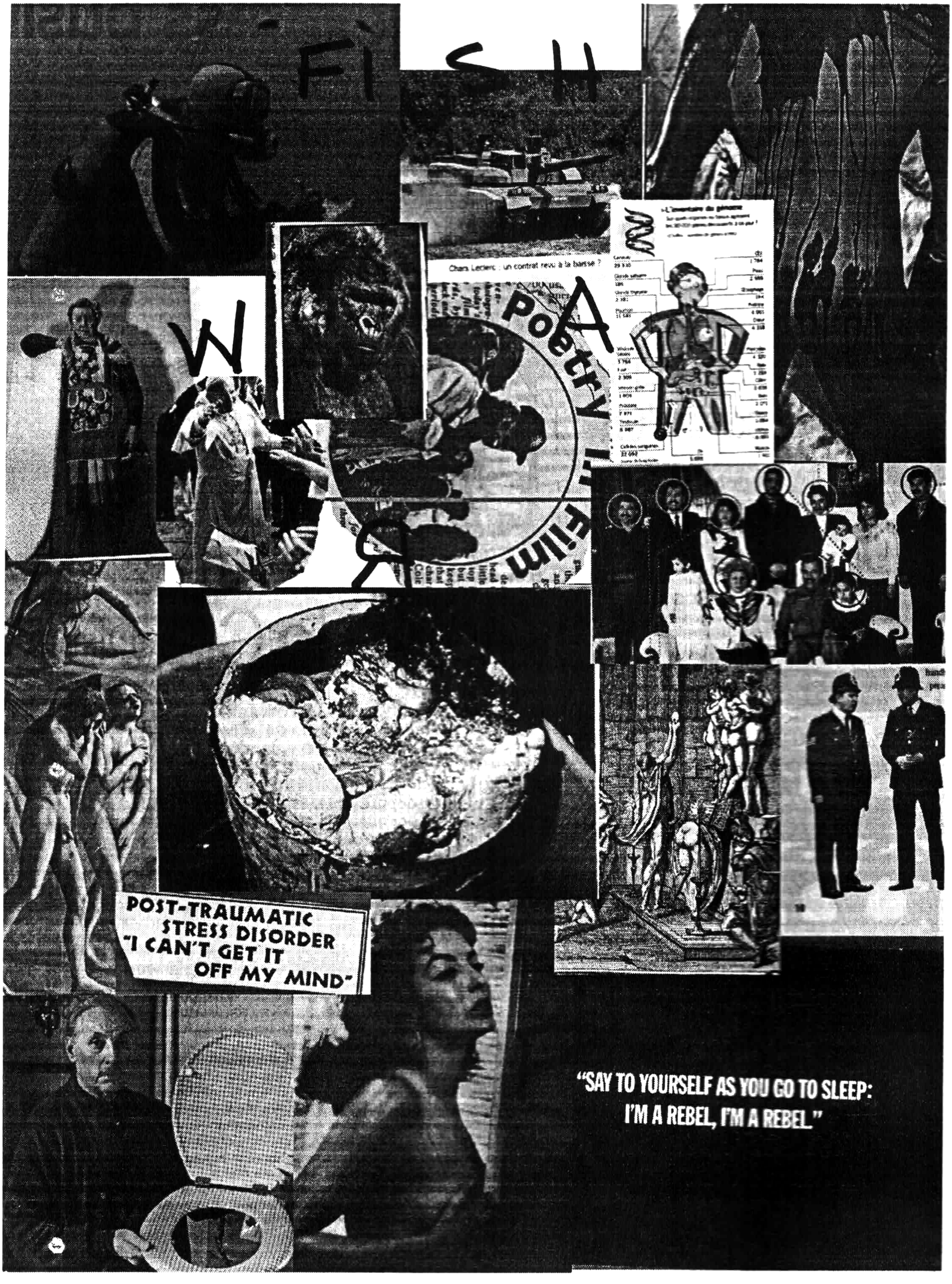
"You obviously did though," Jane appeared to be slowly starting to lose her patience, "How many times do I have to explain to you how this place works? I explained the process to you. Donny took you on a tour - even gave you a demonstration. Why do you think you'd be any different from anyone else? Why do you think that you'd be the exception to the rule. Everybody has their own Hell. That's what they come here to see."

"Why?" Fred insisted, "Why did you even create a program like this? Why would you even want to give shape and form to that side of man's thoughts?"

"People want it," Jane said, innocently, "Look at the line outside. It's been like that since the first week we opened. We aren't fooling anyone into thinking they're going into something they're not. We tell them at the door - it's Hell and they want to go in. Just go look outside. This is what people want."

"God!" Fred shook his head in disbelief, "Who are you?"

Jane took a long drag of her cigarette and said matter-of-factly through her exhaled smoke, "I'm the devil."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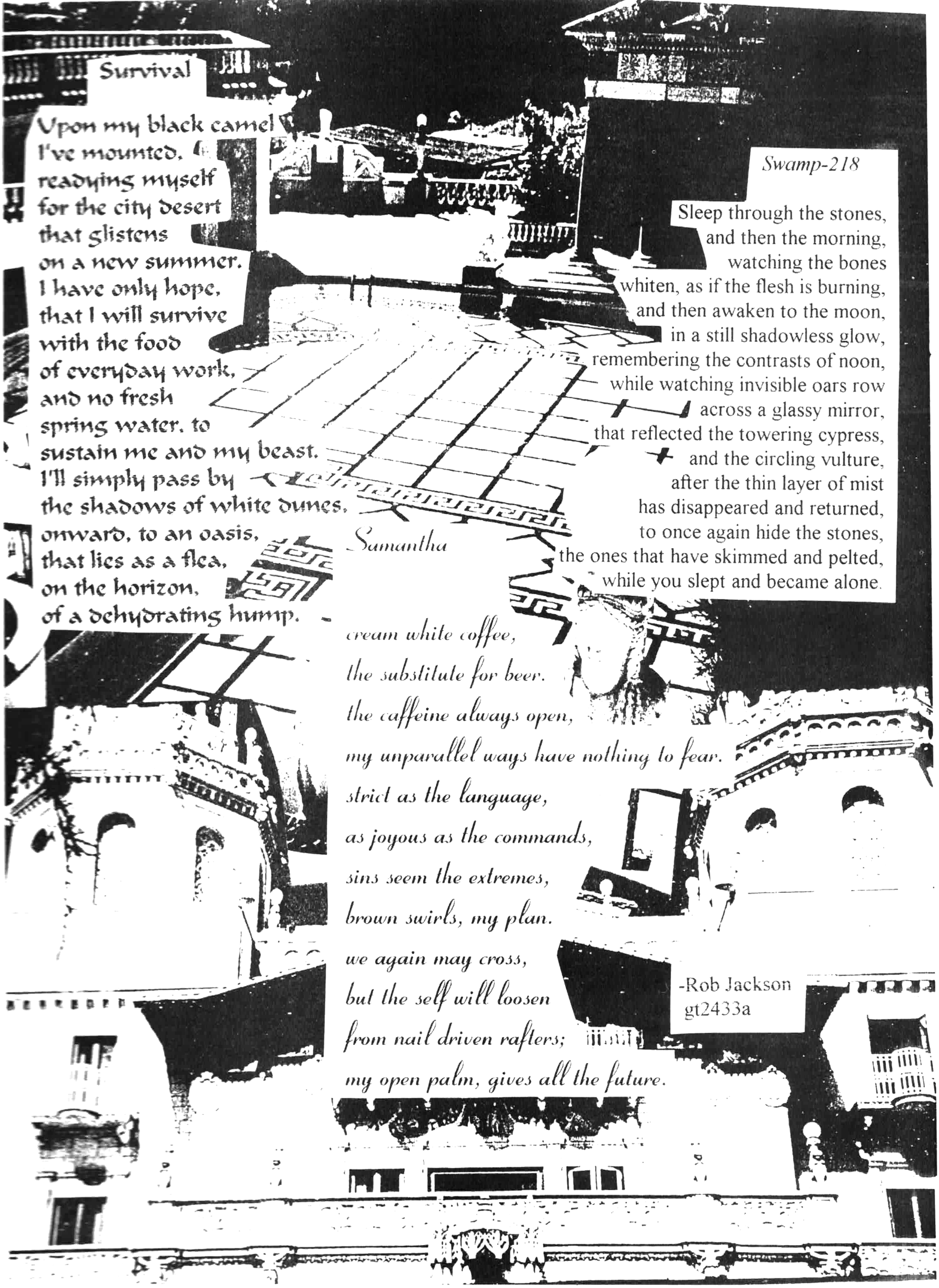
Chars Leclerc : un contrat revu à la baisse ?
L'inventaire du génome
Poetry in Film
POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER "I CAN'T GET IT OFF MY MIND"
"SAY TO YOURSELF AS YOU GO TO SLEEP: I'M A REBEL, I'M A REBEL."



Survival

Upon my black camel
I've mounted,
readying myself
for the city desert
that glistens
on a new summer.
I have only hope,
that I will survive
with the food
of everyday work,
and no fresh
spring water, to
sustain me and my beast.
I'll simply pass by
the shadows of white dunes,
onward, to an oasis,
that lies as a flea,
on the horizon,
of a dehydrating hump.

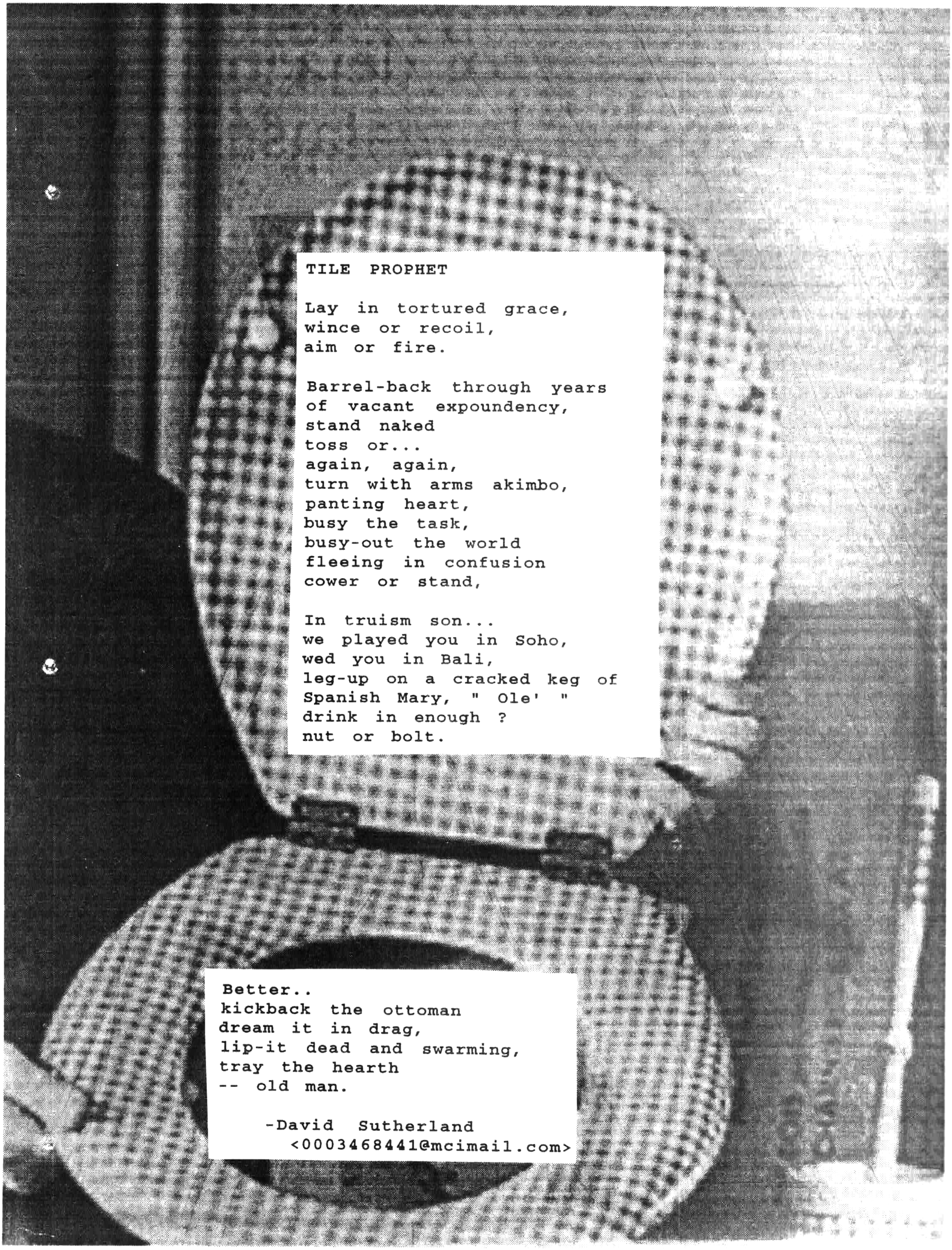
Swamp-218

Sleep through the stones,
and then the morning,
watching the bones
whiten, as if the flesh is burning,
and then awaken to the moon,
in a still shadowless glow,
remembering the contrasts of noon,
while watching invisible oars row
across a glassy mirror,
that reflected the towering cypress,
and the circling vulture,
after the thin layer of mist
has disappeared and returned,
to once again hide the stones,
the ones that have skimmed and pelted,
while you slept and became alone.

Samantha

cream white coffee,
the substitute for beer.
the caffeine always open,
my unparallel ways have nothing to fear.
strict as the language,
as joyous as the commands,
sins seem the extremes,
brown swirls, my plan.
we again may cross,
but the self will loosen
from nail driven rafters;
my open palm, gives all the future.

-Rob Jackson
gt2433a



TILE PROPHET

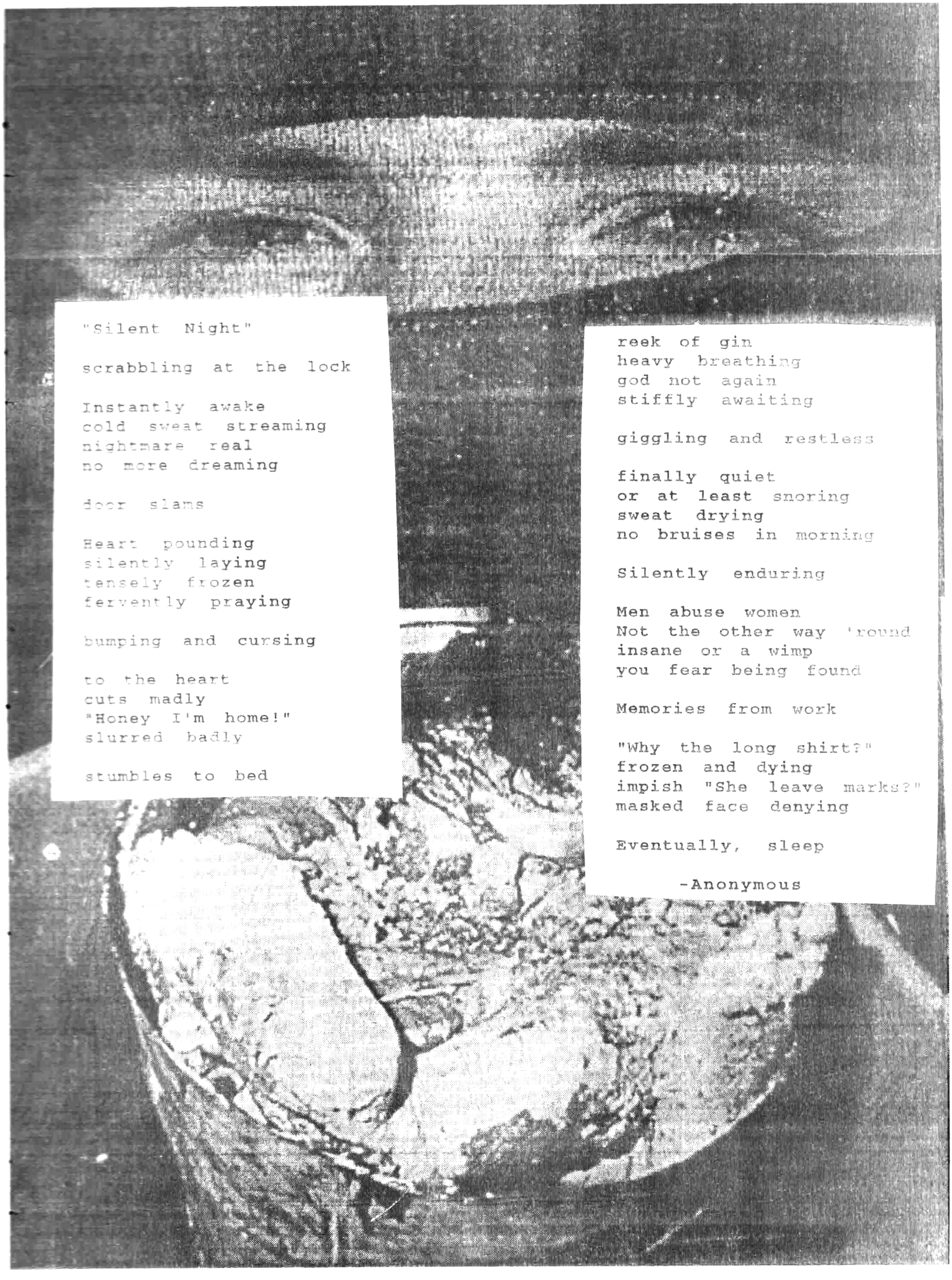
Lay in tortured grace,
wince or recoil,
aim or fire.

Barrel-back through years
of vacant expoundency,
stand naked
toss or...
again, again,
turn with arms akimbo,
panting heart,
busy the task,
busy-out the world
fleeing in confusion
cower or stand,

In truism son...
we played you in Soho,
wed you in Bali,
leg-up on a cracked keg of
Spanish Mary, " Ole' "
drink in enough ?
nut or bolt.

Better..
kickback the ottoman
dream it in drag,
lip-it dead and swarming,
tray the hearth
-- old man.

-David Sutherland
<0003468441@mcimail.com>



"Silent Night"

scrabbling at the lock

Instantly awake
cold sweat streaming
nightmare real
no more dreaming

door slams

Heart pounding
silently laying
tensely frozen
fervently praying

bumping and cursing

to the heart
cuts madly
"Honey I'm home!"
slurred badly

stumbles to bed

reek of gin
heavy breathing
god not again
stiffly awaiting

giggling and restless

finally quiet
or at least snoring
sweat drying
no bruises in morning

Silently enduring

Men abuse women
Not the other way 'round
insane or a wimp
you fear being found

Memories from work

"Why the long shirt?"
frozen and dying
impish "She leave marks?"
masked face denying

Eventually, sleep

-Anonymous

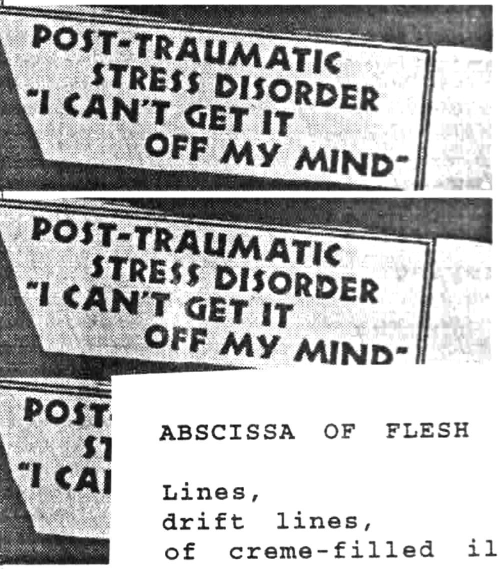
"Ode to the Fountain"

Oh most new and peculiar font
our passing strange new altar
filling the odd pull and want
of people-watchers and water

Your twisted off-center spire
puzzles all as we pray
jets arching ever higher
lash o'er us a windy spray

Oh mute plaza of great price
Planning plunked down yonder
you're an ill-fit concrete paradise
that ill-fit people ponder

-Vincent Fox, 5/9/1996
<vincent@cad.gatech.edu>


POST-TRAUMATIC
STRESS DISORDER
"I CAN'T GET IT
OFF MY MIND"
POST-TRAUMATIC
STRESS DISORDER
"I CAN'T GET IT
OFF MY MIND"
POST
ST
"I CA

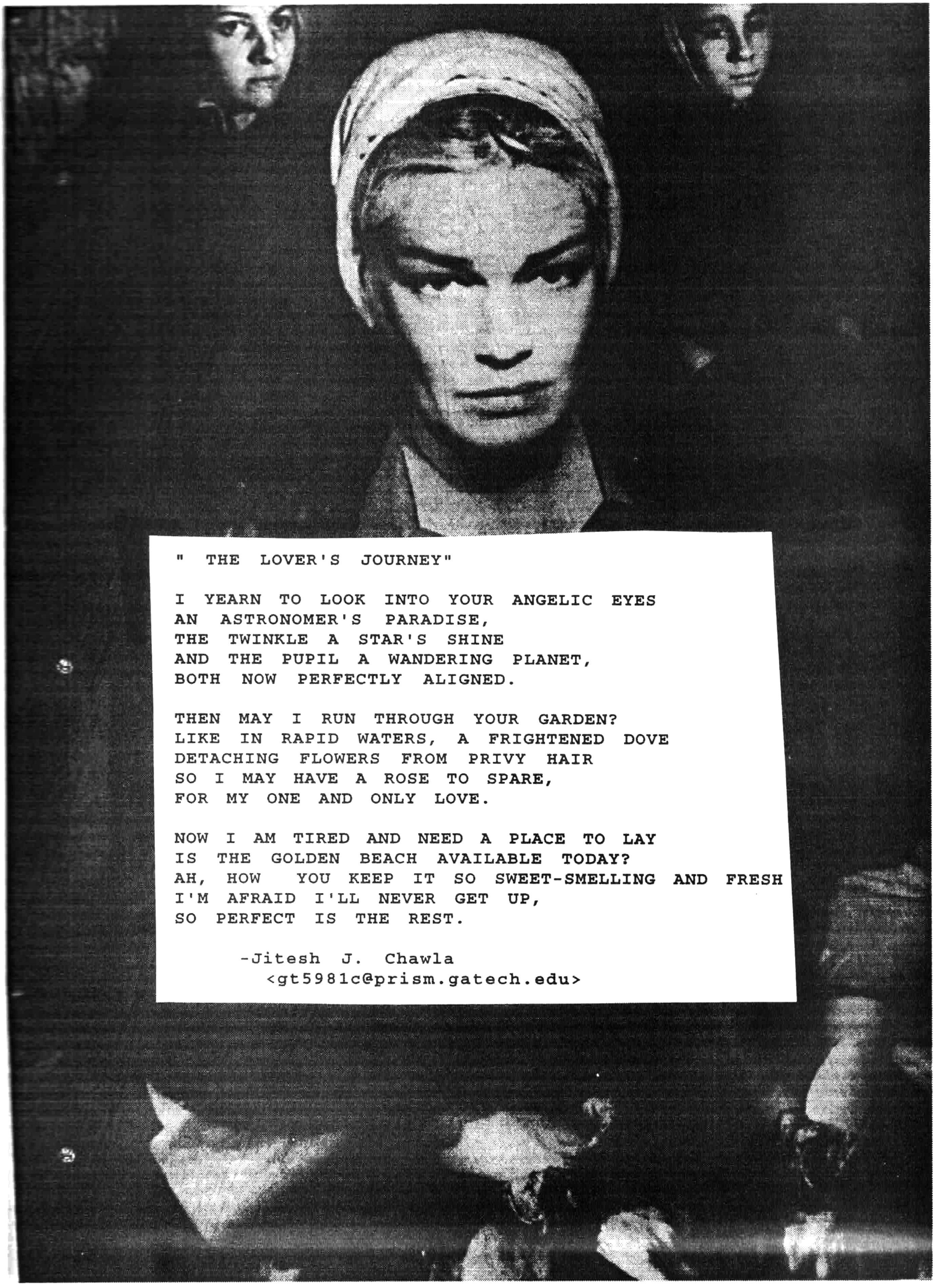
ABSCISSA OF FLESH

Lines,
drift lines,
of creme-filled illusion,
makeup painted into mask,
a faint resemblance,

come of age,
the olive mercy
kiss-and-touch
of hips enjoined,
in dreamy swagger
shear and fray
her masculines,
on heavy womb, on sleeping belly,
wade inside
this liquid flesh,

and draw each breath
through silt fawned nipple,
pink lolling tongues
on blood rich grain,
delights that ease
the sensuous ardor
sashay this soul and heart
to sleep.

-David Sutherland
<0003468441@mcimail.com>



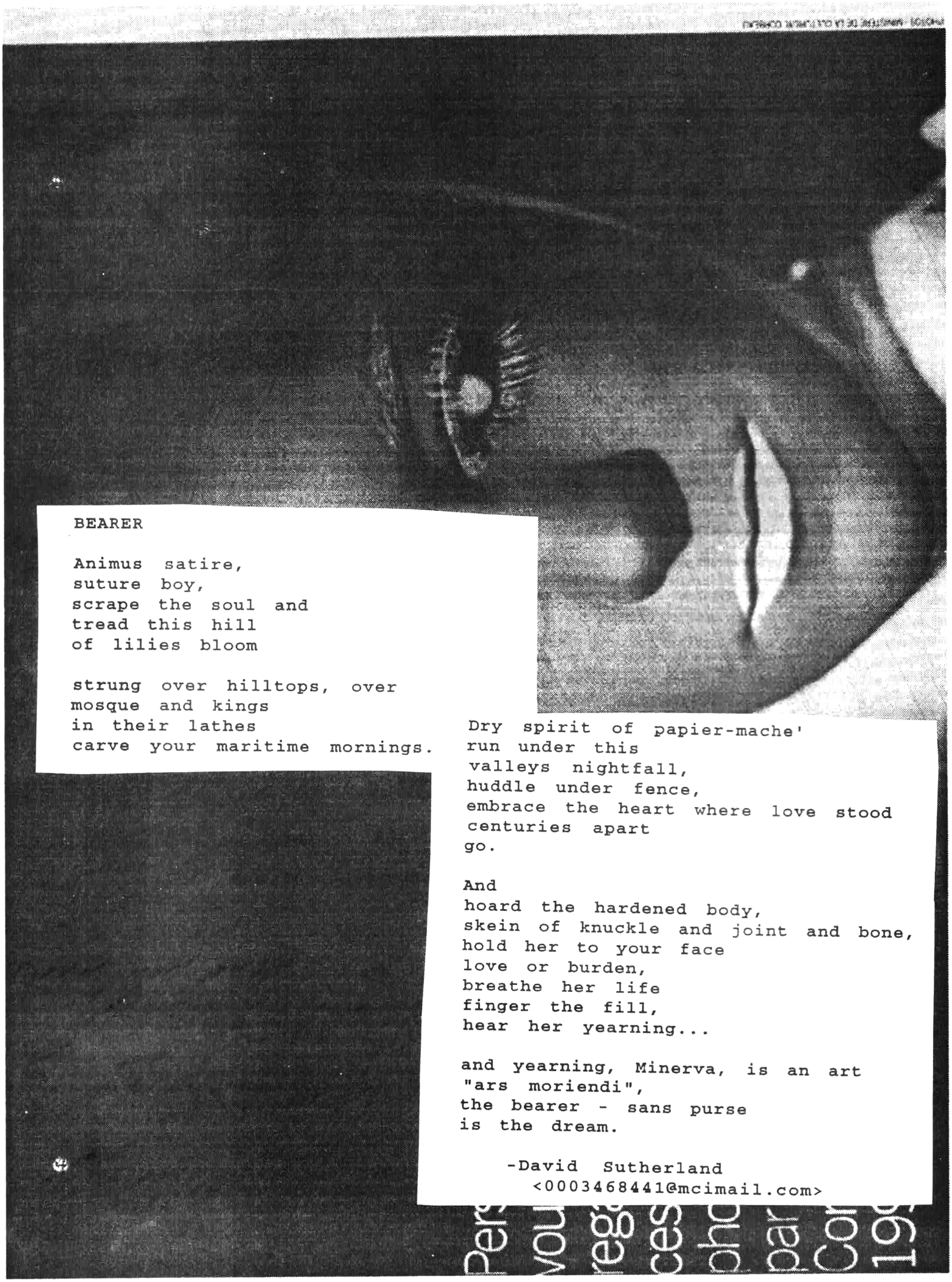
" THE LOVER'S JOURNEY"

I YEARN TO LOOK INTO YOUR ANGELIC EYES
AN ASTRONOMER'S PARADISE,
THE TWINKLE A STAR'S SHINE
AND THE PUPIL A WANDERING PLANET,
BOTH NOW PERFECTLY ALIGNED.

THEN MAY I RUN THROUGH YOUR GARDEN?
LIKE IN RAPID WATERS, A FRIGHTENED DOVE
DETACHING FLOWERS FROM PRIVY HAIR
SO I MAY HAVE A ROSE TO SPARE,
FOR MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE.

NOW I AM TIRED AND NEED A PLACE TO LAY
IS THE GOLDEN BEACH AVAILABLE TODAY?
AH, HOW YOU KEEP IT SO SWEET-SMELLING AND FRESH
I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER GET UP,
SO PERFECT IS THE REST.

-Jitesh J. Chawla
<gt5981c@prism.gatech.edu>



BEARER

Animus satire,
suture boy,
scrape the soul and
tread this hill
of lilies bloom

strung over hilltops, over
mosque and kings
in their lathes
carve your maritime mornings.

Dry spirit of papier-mache'
run under this
valleys nightfall,
huddle under fence,
embrace the heart where love stood
centuries apart
go.

And
hoard the hardened body,
skein of knuckle and joint and bone,
hold her to your face
love or burden,
breathe her life
finger the fill,
hear her yearning...

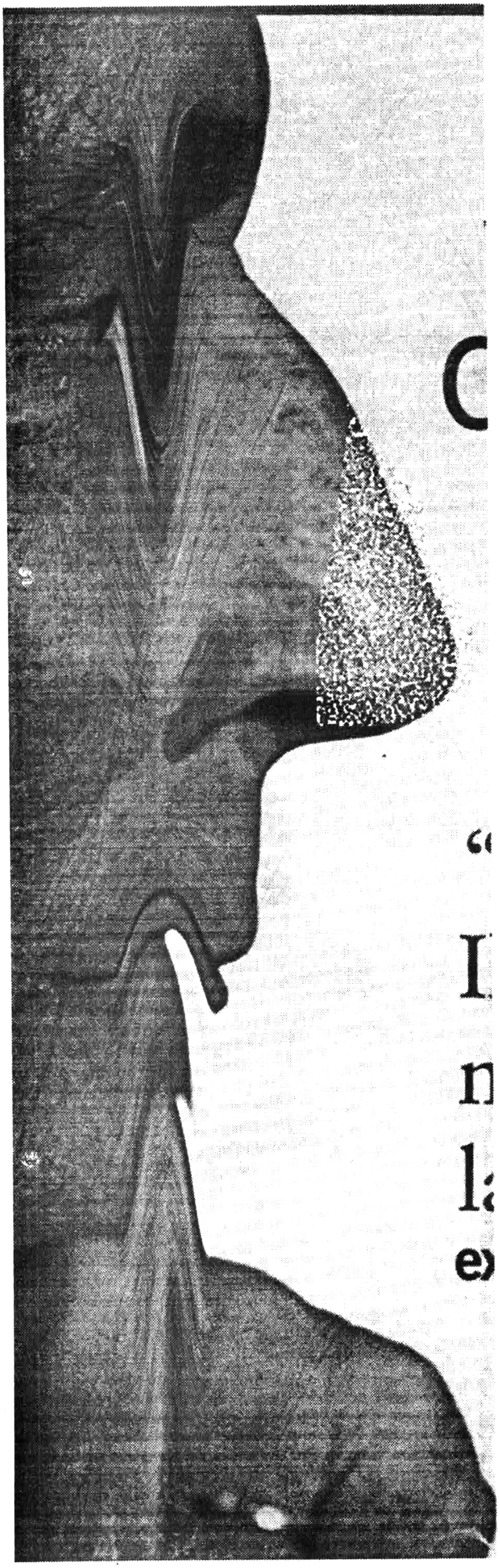
and yearning, Minerva, is an art
"ars moriendi",
the bearer - sans purse
is the dream.

-David Sutherland
<0003468441@mcimail.com>

the last day

i walk along through a night
no sound in my steps
as the silence rustles around me
there is no one
even the light from lamps
seems not so much to shine
but hang like a haze
framed by the shadows
the branches on a tree sway
like a scarecrow in the field
jack of the green
or what remains thereof
and as the filter spirals
in a dervish arc
the burning ember
is all that seems truly alive
for a time anyway
i walk along through a night
somewhere god sighs
and breathes his last
but nobody notices
though i lower my head
and walk along
growing smaller
gone

-jope
<jope@havoc.gtf.gatech.edu>



TELL ME A STORY

Reality is, in a sense,
rendered,
drawn from tenuous silt,
oiled and framed to
the ever-changing present.

There lies the art,

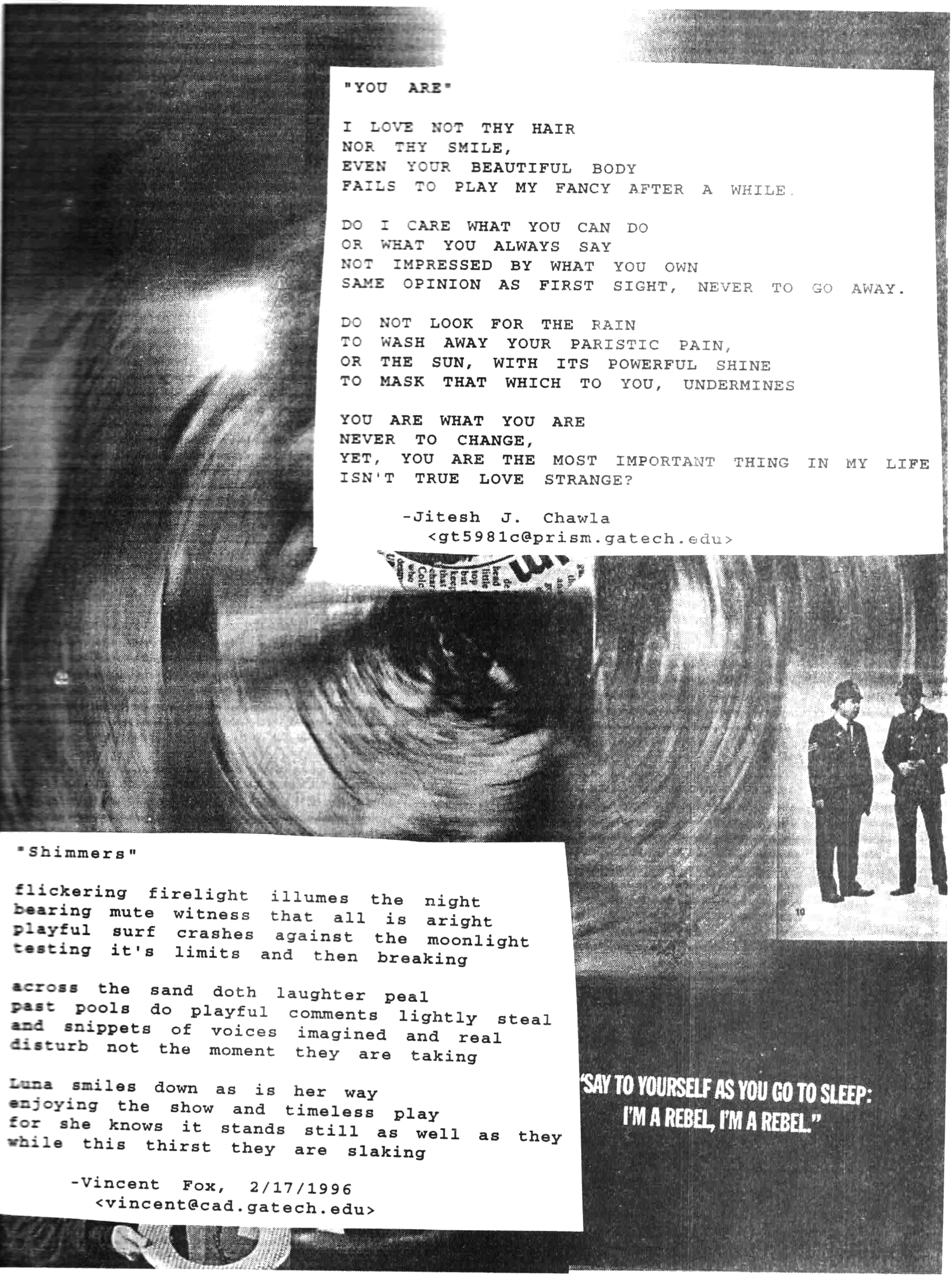
in a ladder fold of eternity,
you stand,
rung to the ever-present selected illusion,
as the steps point North,
and the fall draws South,
timidly strewn in the unexpected and,
in a sense, dangling.

I too perceive;
there was a place,
a car, a cave, a valleys' small chapel,
birth before the wetting and wanting
lay Nothing,
the ballast distinct,
is Nothing.

While personally,
the undeterred universe
rounds at a local tavern,
where-and strong drink milds
this picture to its paint,
in a sense,
my glass fills the void of "Being" there.
And you ?

Tell me a story.

-David Sutherland
<0003468441@mcimail.com>


"SAY TO YOURSELF AS YOU GO TO SLEEP:
I'M A REBEL, I'M A REBEL."

"YOU ARE"

I LOVE NOT THY HAIR
NOR THY SMILE,
EVEN YOUR BEAUTIFUL BODY
FAILS TO PLAY MY FANCY AFTER A WHILE.

DO I CARE WHAT YOU CAN DO
OR WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY
NOT IMPRESSED BY WHAT YOU OWN
SAME OPINION AS FIRST SIGHT, NEVER TO GO AWAY.

DO NOT LOOK FOR THE RAIN
TO WASH AWAY YOUR PARISTIC PAIN,
OR THE SUN, WITH ITS POWERFUL SHINE
TO MASK THAT WHICH TO YOU, UNDERMINES

YOU ARE WHAT YOU ARE
NEVER TO CHANGE,
YET, YOU ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN MY LIFE
ISN'T TRUE LOVE STRANGE?

-Jitesh J. Chawla
<gt5981c@prism.gatech.edu>

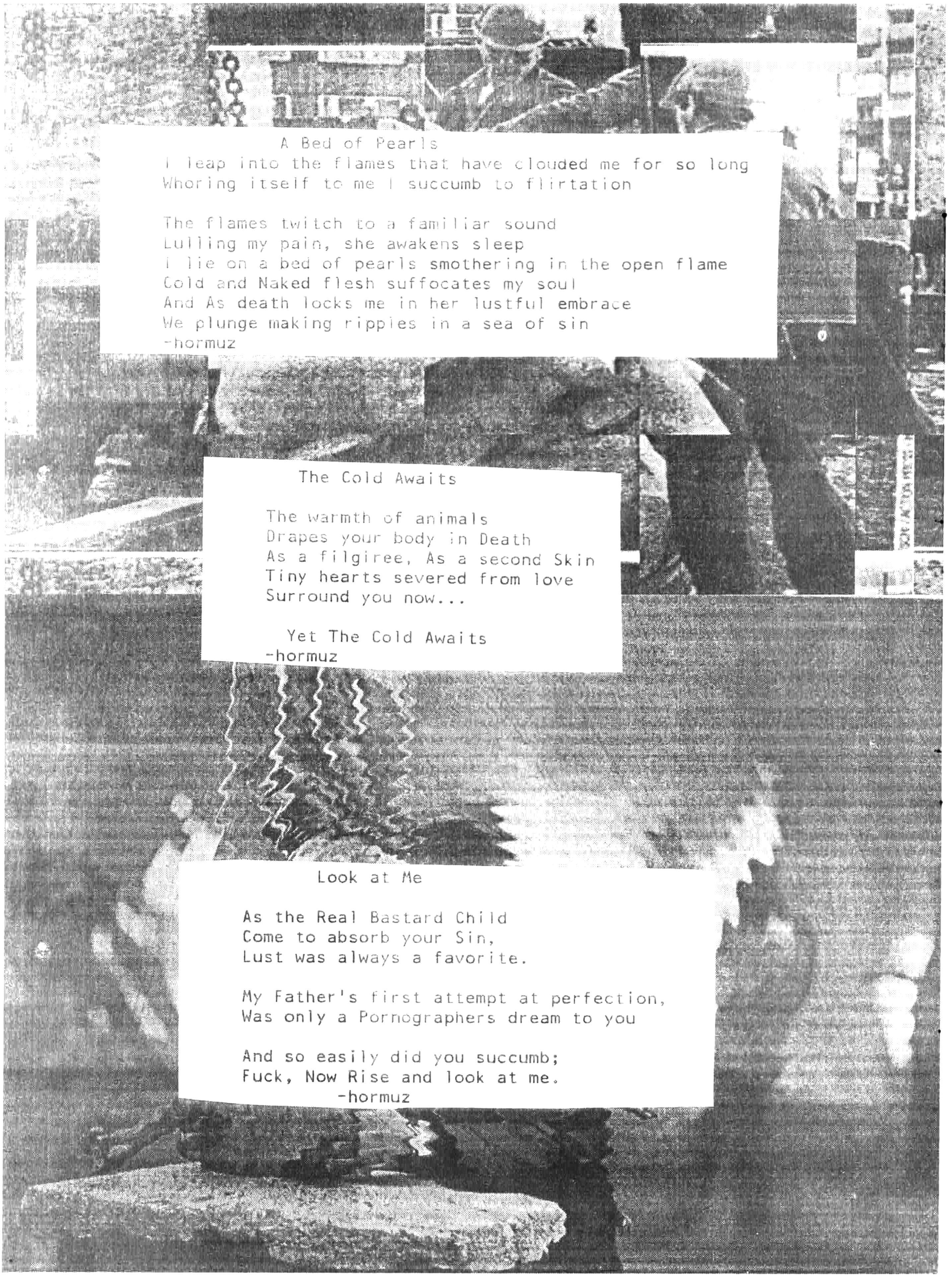
"Shimmers"

flickering firelight illumes the night
bearing mute witness that all is aright
playful surf crashes against the moonlight
testing it's limits and then breaking

across the sand doth laughter peal
past pools do playful comments lightly steal
and snippets of voices imagined and real
disturb not the moment they are taking

Luna smiles down as is her way
enjoying the show and timeless play
for she knows it stands still as well as they
while this thirst they are slaking

-Vincent Fox, 2/17/1996
<vincent@cad.gatech.edu>



A Bed of Pearls

I leap into the flames that have clouded me for so long
Whoring itself to me I succumb to flirtation

The flames twitch to a familiar sound
Lulling my pain, she awakens sleep
I lie on a bed of pearls smothering in the open flame
Cold and Naked flesh suffocates my soul
And As death locks me in her lustful embrace
We plunge making rippies in a sea of sin
-hormuz

The Cold Awaits

The warmth of animals
Drapes your body in Death
As a filgiree, As a second Skin
Tiny hearts severed from love
Surround you now...

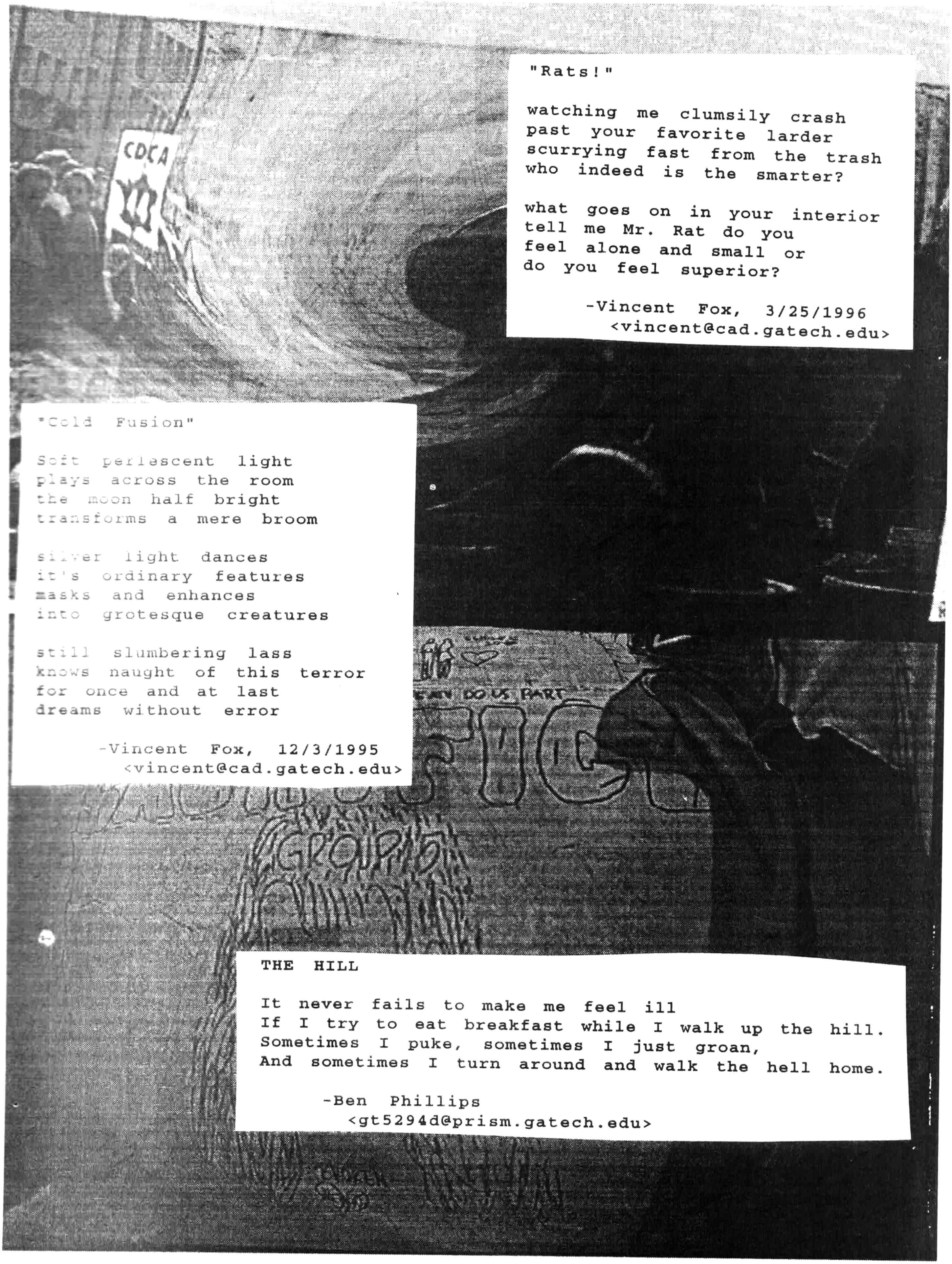
Yet The Cold Awaits
-hormuz

Look at Me

As the Real Bastard Child
Come to absorb your Sin,
Lust was always a favorite.

My Father's first attempt at perfection,
Was only a Pornographers dream to you

And so easily did you succumb;
Fuck, Now Rise and look at me.
-hormuz



"Rats!"

watching me clumsily crash
past your favorite larder
scurrying fast from the trash
who indeed is the smarter?

what goes on in your interior
tell me Mr. Rat do you
feel alone and small or
do you feel superior?

-Vincent Fox, 3/25/1996
<vincent@cad.gatech.edu>

"Cold Fusion"

Soft perlescent light
plays across the room
the moon half bright
transforms a mere broom

silver light dances
it's ordinary features
masks and enhances
into grotesque creatures

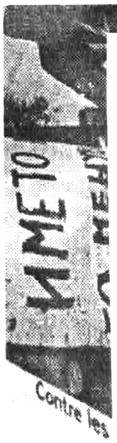
still slumbering lass
knows naught of this terror
for once and at last
dreams without error

-Vincent Fox, 12/3/1995
<vincent@cad.gatech.edu>

THE HILL

It never fails to make me feel ill
If I try to eat breakfast while I walk up the hill.
Sometimes I puke, sometimes I just groan,
And sometimes I turn around and walk the hell home.

-Ben Phillips
<gt5294d@prism.gatech.edu>



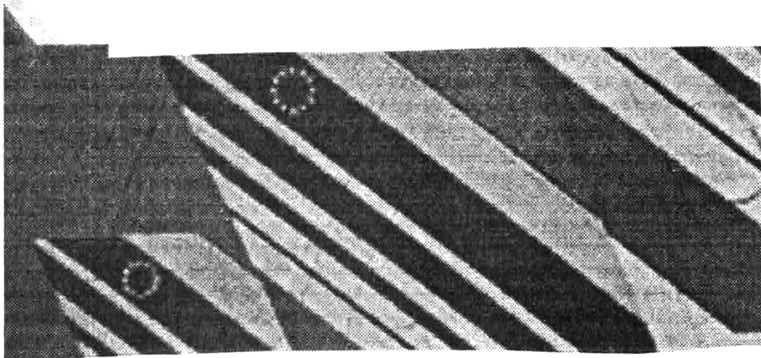
Ode to Angeleeka's Hair

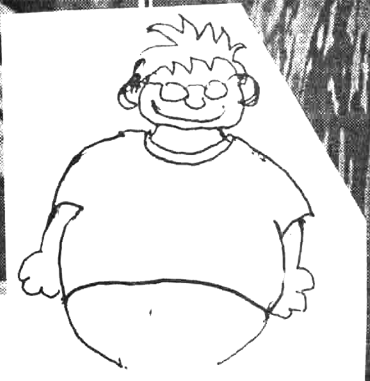
Glow.
Crimson, Glow.
That is her hair, and her, for in the elegance and unique glow of her hair
is her beauty.

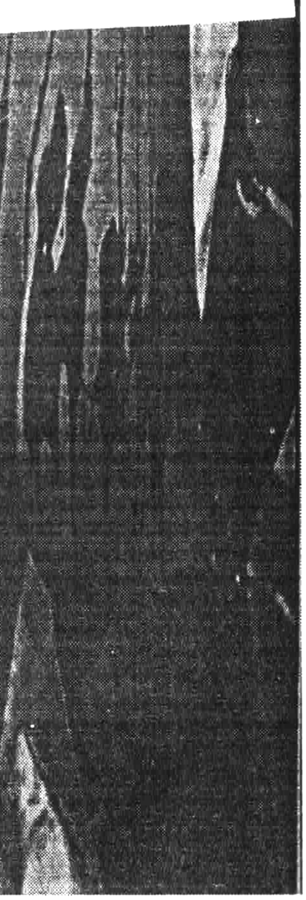
She walks around with it all day as if it were,
nothing special.
She moves and her hair bounces, caroms in its encounters with the cheeks,
the shoulders, the gravity that by their mere existence cause that garden of
Crimson flowers to dance with choreography that is as improvised as it is
breathtaking.

It hovers with smooth and most pneumatic curvature
from foreheard, back to earlobe, fore to chin.
She brushes it aside, out of her face, behind her ears,
thinking nothing of the privilege of possessing such murderous beauty
(if looks could kill),
hair so smooth and slidey it is practically liquid
and would surely make you liquid,
melt you in its brightness, its red-lava-glow,
tenderly caress you with its smell of orange groves,
lift your spirits like a scarlette rockette-shippe,
so beautiful it hurts to look at it indeed,
so sweet it envelops you in ecstasy,
a silken ether,
if you ever had the chance...

- Roy Rodenstein – gt2243a@prism.gatech.edu

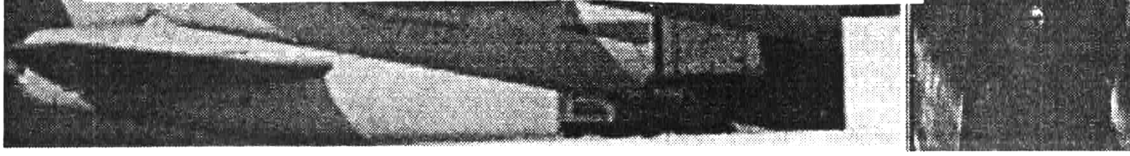


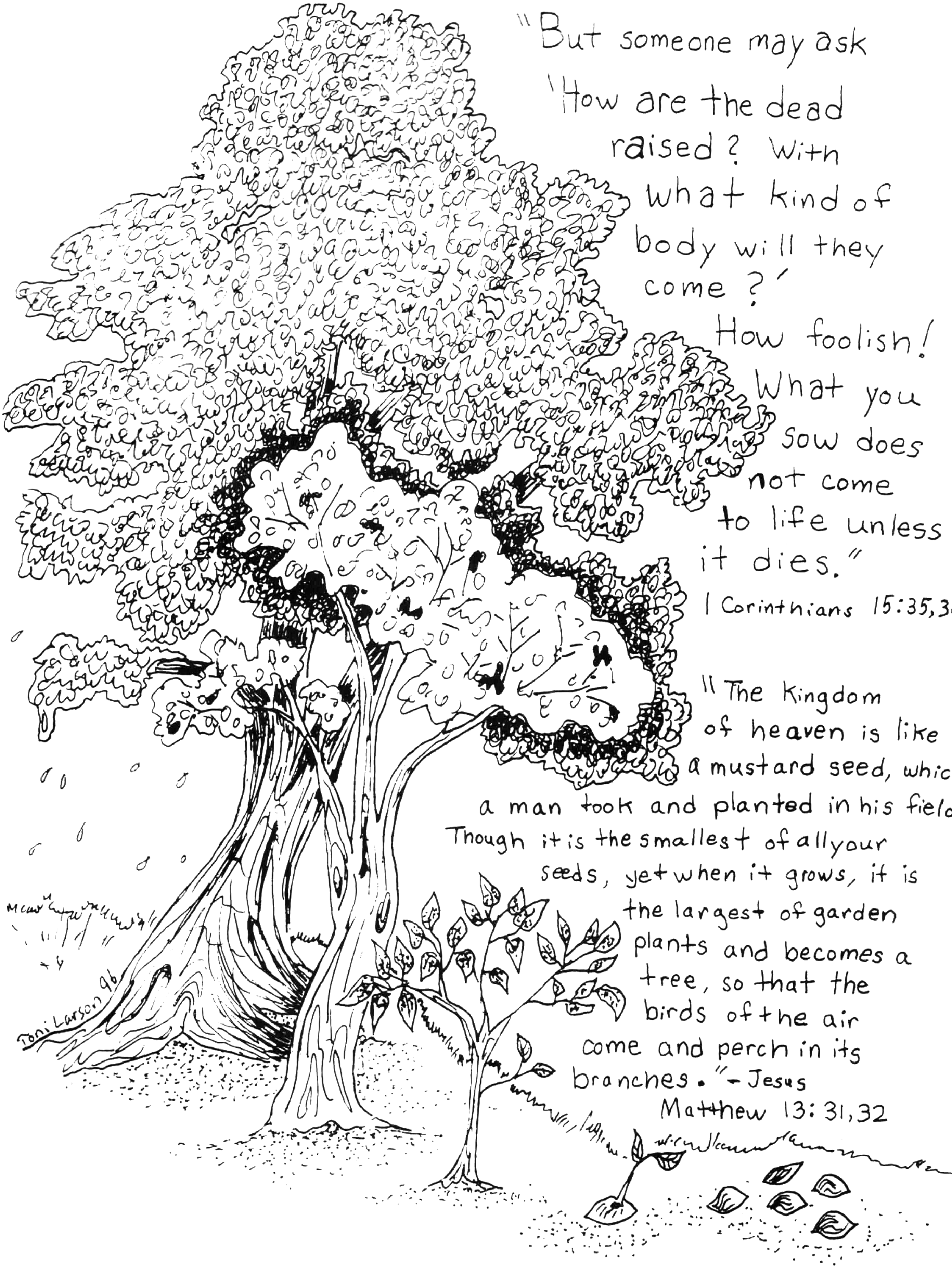




FAT MAN

I can count to two 1...2...
I can count to three 1...2...3...
I can count to four 1...2...3...4
I don't want to count no more
Stop making me count
You're driving me crazy
I hate you, die, die you stupid fat man
-Prozac





"But someone may ask
'How are the dead
raised? With
what kind of
body will they
come?'
How foolish!
What you
sow does
not come
to life unless
it dies."
I Corinthians 15:35,36

"The kingdom
of heaven is like
a mustard seed, which
a man took and planted in his field.
Though it is the smallest of all your
seeds, yet when it grows, it is
the largest of garden
plants and becomes a
tree, so that the
birds of the air
come and perch in its
branches." - Jesus
Matthew 13:31,32